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Practice in the Circuit Courts of Taze, well county, Va., and in Mercer courty W., Va., and all the Courts in Bushanan coun-ty, Va.

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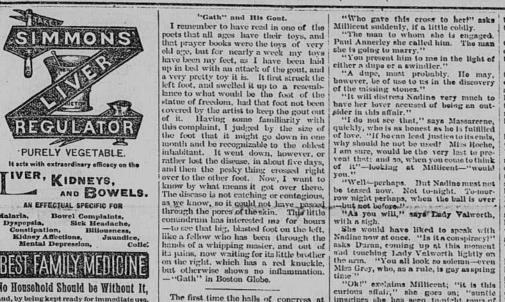
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# CLINCH VALLEY NEWS.

## TAZEWELL C. H., VA., FRIDAY, MARCH 25, 1887.



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ZEWILLI FEMALE SEMINARY

TAZEWELL C. H., VA.

Eruptions, Hoof Ail,

Swinney, Saddle Galls,

Mexican

The first time the halls of congress at Washington were illuminated with gus was during the Polk administration.

#### RETRIBUTION.

BY "THE DUCHESS."

CHAPTER XVIII.

"Round Nadine's neck."
"Oh, you must have been mistaken
How could Nadine have a diamond cros

The Police Gazette will be mailed, securely wrapped, to any address in the U.S. for three months on receipt of ONE DOLLAR. Liberal discount sllowed to postmosters, agents and clubs. Sample copies mailed free. Address all orders to

of such value?"

"How, indeed! She said she had been given it by that man to whom she is engaged—Paul Annerley."

"A city clerk! Impossible! Dearest aunt, you may be sure you have made a mistake. These French jewelries are so good nowadays. They copy so exactly the flue old designs that one is easily deceived when brought face to face with them."

ceived when brought ince of them."

"No: I am not deceived," says Lady Valworth. Her tone is that of one who is sure of her argument. It is, indeed, so strong, so unlike the usually vacillating Lady Valworth, that Milleent is struck by it. "It is my cross—the one belonging to the dlamond set Sir Thomas gave me on my marriage, that is hanging around her neck."

"But how could Nadine"—

"But how could Nadine"—
"If you doubt it," said Lady Valworth, with saidden vehemence, "let me have an authority to prove that what I say is right. Call Sir Thomas. He is over there, Ask him." "Dear Lady Valworth, but you know you would not like to distress Miss Reche," puts in Gerald Massareeue who has been perforce a listence to the disclosure and who now feels he must take a prominent part in the discussion.

Liniment

whole set."
"Hardly I think. These matters drift.
By piccemeal they enter the windows of
respectable jelwelers, and all the research
in the world will not bring to light the
real offenders."

rent of cnders."
"Still, it gives hope. I shall examine Nadine, and—"
"Not now—not until to-morrow night has gone over our heads!" entreats Millicent, eagerly, willing to spare Nadine a shock. "Why would you make unhappy a guest in your house on the very eve of Granit's birthnight ball!"
This is the very argument of all others to gain over Lady Valworth to her way of thinking.

he Miner needs it in case of emergency, the Pioneer needs it can't get along without it. he Farmer needs it in his house, his stable, his stock yard.
he Steambout man or the Boatman needs a liberal supply afloat and ashore.
he Horse-familier needs it—it is his best ordered and seeds and the seeds.

to gain over Lady Valworth to her way of thinking.

"Yes. All should go smoothly for Granit," says Granit's mother thoughtfully. "And Nadine—she—she may not be to blame."

"May not?" Millicent's eyes grow dark with indignant reproach. "What can you mean by such a speech as that! Nadine! Do you for one instant believe that she bas-had any part in this strange story of which you speak?"

"My dear child, I would not hurt you in any way, as you well know—not even through another. And as for Nadine, you can see yourself how highly I esteem her."

"Ilighly indeed, when you can hint at scandal in connection with her."

"I have hinted at nothing. I confess

oyees. Accidents will happen, and when no the Mustang Liniment is wanted at once. n. Bottle in the House. 'Tis the bestof

scandal in connection with her."
"I have hinted at nothing, I confess
i am horribly distressed at seeing my
own cross round mother's neck. Do you
blame me for that?"

pay.
sop a Bottle in the Factory, Itsimmediate
a case of accidents aves pain and less of wages.
cep a Bottle Always in the Stable for
whon wanted. blame me for that?"
In her distress at having brought down
the anger of her son's flancee upon her
facad, and her agliation at seeing again a
portion of her lost diamonds, poor Lady
Valworth is reduced to the very verge of

TAZENELL C. H., VA.

to Second Term of this Institution will
ton Monday the 24th of January, 1887,
so who expect to attend had best enter
to be taken into consideration in the
agement of classes
to First Term has been marked for
aony, Prosperity, and Dhigenee; and
second promises to be full of interest,
or terms annly to.

Tazewell C. H., Va.

In Second Term of this Institution will to Monday the 24th of January, 1887, so who expect to attend had best enter to be taken into consideration in the agement of classes in First Term has been marked for pony, Prosperity, and Dirigence; and second promises to be full of interest, at terms apply to.

Mics. R. B. GILLESPIE, a.7,1m Principal.

ALE OF LOT, HOUSES, &C.

otice is hereby given that the presigned Trustee in a deed of a executed by R. A. Miller and bearing date 16th. of August, and of record in the Clerk's cof Tazewell county, Deed in No. 21. pages 91-2, being reed by the creditors therein seed, to execute the trust, will on 20th March, 1887, on the premisell for (ash, the property end in said trust deed, consisting a lot of one acre or more on hear estimated two Houses and able, the said property adjoin whal is known as the Miller.

h are situated two Houses and latter had ever permitted herself to have left the said property adjoin what is known as the Miller tige in the town of Graham in well county.

24. S. M. GRAHAM, Trustee.

Proprietor of Salvation Oil.—

on has built a living monument, cure for hurts with little money spent, wation Oil, the greatest liniment!

time "Oh!" exclaims Millicent; "it is this curious affair," she goes on; "auntle imagines she has seen to-night zone of her lost diamonds. And where do you

"In the servents' hall?" suggests he

"In the servents' main suggests to, laughing.
"No. Here. In this very room, worn by one of her guests."
"Impossible!" Something in her tone removes the smile from Duran's lips. Ho turns to Lady Valworth. "A guest!" he

says.
"Millicent is indiscreet," hesitates Lady
Valworth, casting a reproachful glanco at

her nicce.

"Not that; only a little angry," returns Millicent, with a rather tremulous smile. "And why should what you have told us be hidden? Why, after all, are we to whisper of it in corners? Wo almost condemn her in so doing."

"Condemn! Who!" exclaims Duran sharply.

wansper of it in corness? We almost condemn her in so doing."

"Condemn! Who?" exclaims Duran sharply.

Instinct, love, what you will, has led him to a knewledge of the truth.

"Nadine," replies Lady Velworth in a low tone, her eyes lowered.

"Who has dared!"— He checks himself abruptly by an offort that renders his face as white and cold as marble. "You can scarcely allude to Miss Roche when speaking of this matter," he goes on, with a labored attempt to appear calm.

"Of Nadine? Yes. But it is all a mistake," says Lillicent. "Lady Valworth has seen a diamond cross acound her neck. But one cross of that sort is so like another! I for my part feel sure it is a mere coincidence." "It is a point on which no doubt should be allowed to rest even for a moment," declares Duran, his brow darkening. His looks round him. "Miss Roche is at the other end of the room. Will you permit me to bring her hera, Lady Valworth, and let you have scloser examination of this cross? You, too, Miss Grey? You know the cross in question?" "I have seen it—yes," says Millicent, slowly. "If you think it better to lift this doubt from Lady Valworth's mind se—bring Nadine here. But upon one thing I insist"—axing her eyes first on him and then on her aunt with an imperious glance—"that no thought of our auspicion is betrayed to Nadine. I will not have here hurt—"Gended"—

Eshe breaks off abruptly. She is agitated, and her eyes are treathed.

She breaks on abruptly. She is agitated, and her eyes are troubled. Could she know it, her egitation, kindly, womanly as it is—has made Duran her friend for life.

"Certainly, no ciliusion should be made "Certainly, no ciliusion should be made to—er—enything awkward," puts in Mas-sureene hurriedly. Duran has already gone in quest of Na-

sareene hurriedly.

Duran has already gone in quest of Nadine; and presently returns, bringing her to where Lady Valworth, Millicent, and Gerald Massareene are standing.

The girl, flushed and lovely, forgetful for the moment of all her cruel future, and mindful only of the happy present that has given her Duran, advances toward the anxious, expectant group with smiling lips and wide, glad eyes. Upon her neck the fatal cross is rising, falling, glittering, as only the purest diamonds can. Millicent, her gaze fixed upon them, feels her heart contract. If not Lady Valworth's cross, it is unfortunately horribly like it.

Some few words pass between her and Nadine. The latter is too full of the hour's passionate joy to heed the grief within her friend's eyes. Eut Duran reads it. Lady Valworth, after one swift glance at the girl's neck, fels her gaze sink to her fan, with which she persistently trifles until Nadine has gone by them.

"Well?" she says then, addressing Mil-

them. "Well?" she says then, addressing Mil-

so like that it may be yours; no doubt this Paul Anneric for her from wherever the thief sold it."

"A city clerk!—to buy that jewel!"

"A city clerk!—to buy that jewel!"

There is unbellef, keen and strong, in
Lady Valworth's low tone.

"How clse could be have obtained it!

Who is this Paul Annerley! How should he have had access to your jewel cane?"

Miss Grey's tone is somewhat impatient.

"That is what I cannot say. I only know the cross is mine," replies her aunt degree like.

know the cross is mine," replies her aun't doggedly.

"It resembles it. That I admit. But I think time will prove to you that you are mistaken. It is probably only paste."

"Paste of that sort is expensive for a city clerk."

If obstimery angers Millicent.

"Then in all probability, as I said before, it is mere glass—Spanish crystal—what you will." she says, shengging her shoulders. "I can well believe it is a bit of French jewelry. What I cannot believe is, that Nadine has had any intercourse with a thief."

"As you have said, time will tell," re-

"As you have said, time will tell," re-plies Lady Valworth, moodily.

#### CHAPTER XIX.

CHAPTER XIX.

Time, in so far as it brings them to the next evening, has not told. The secret still lies within its ancient breast. It has not yet disburdened itself, nor declared aught that might heal the anxiety that rages in the flighty, but kindly, heart of Millicent Grey.

Twenty times during the day she had approached Nadine with a determination to fire off all sorts of point blank butteries—meant to take the girl by storm—and twenty times she had been driven back, routed with great slaughter by the innocence of Nadine's lovely eyes. No; she could not ask a question that would make her friend unhappy, uneany, distrustful of the man whom, if she did not love, she had at least elected to marry.

So the day wore on, and eventide came and died, and now night is on them, and once sgain Kanine is standing before her glass—a univer that reaches from ceiling

Once more the would be pleasant in his eyes. His! In comparison with whom all the world is poor.

To night her gown is blue. A pale electric blue, that throws into purer prominence the startling fairness of her neck and arms. Side is lingering now, touching her dress here, and moving a flower there, doubting all the while what ornament shall have the honor of lying on her pretty bosom.

Some vague sense of evil had warned her against the cross. No, she would not went that. It had distressed dear Ludy Valworth, had whitened her face and made her kind lips stern; some old memory, and and angry, had been brought to mind by it. Not only that first time when she had given way to an exclamation, but again that second time when he-Maurice—Mr. Duran—had led her up to where she stood, Tady Valworth had seemed pained, sart, cold, unable to give her the kindly smile that, up to the wearing of that luckless cross, had ever greeted her. No; certainly she will not wear it—but—

wearing of that luckless cross, had ever greeted her. No; certainly she will not wear it—but—

There is the supphire pendent. That lovely, sparkling thing that Paul, too, had given her, and that as yet has never graced her neck. True, he had warned her not to wear either it or the cross it common! He had got them through his business it some strangs way he had failed to explain. They were valuable; too valuable to be worn publiely as yet, until he had made his fortune and hers. Too valuable to be worn and hers. Brand's, for example. He had, indeed, made her give her promise not to wear them at Mrs. Brand's, and she had failefully kept that promise.

But there! He had, indeed, made her give her promise not to wear them at Mrs. Brand's, and she had failtfully kept that promise.

But there! He had not surely calculated on the fact that she would ever be here—it such a house as this. If he had known, he would have been the first to tell her to make herself look as charming as was possible to her. He would have had her no whit behind the rest. The very fact hat she does not love him has made her the more particular in the matter of obeying him, and now a little pang shoots across her heart as she wonders whether she had been deaf to his desires when also hung that diamond cross last night around her neck. Certainly it had brought her no delight—no luck. It had hurt Lady Valworth, her kind friend. It had hurt Duran, too, in some odd way. She could not tell how exactly, but he had asked her one or two questions about ft, and had refrained from praise of it, even when she laid it his path for impaction.

No; not the cross. The sapphire pondant, rather. She lifts it from its case, and raises her erms above har head and clasps it round her neck. As she sees it giftering upon her lovely skin, the smiles softly to herself, and bends for ward full of girlish delight at the beauty of it, and telts herself that Ledy Valworth will be pleased to see her thus bedicked out to de honer to the home coming of her son, Capt. Boyle—th

unknown, but of whoin she has heard so much.

With a last lingering glance at the mirror, that gives law back her charms so truly, she leaves the room. As yet it is early for the arrival of guests, and as she enters the huge bail room she fluid almost descried. The fiddlers are tuning-their instruments in a monotonous lugularious way, and one or two people are laughing at the lower end of the room. The lights as yet are dim, and Nadine can search see them. She walks quickly in their direction, her heart beating gladly with a case of youth and joy, that no misery in the future has power to kill. As she draws nearer the laughtershe can see that her two or three have developed into a group. Duran is here, and Geraid Massareene; Mrs. Brand and Millicent.

As Nadine comes up to them some of

Into a group. Duran is here, and Geraid Massareene; Mrs. Brand and Millicent.

As Nadine comes up to them some of the servanta turn up the lights to the fullest, and quite a glow of brightness is flung upon the room. Duran steps forward to greet Nadine. He says nothing to her, but only holds out his hand as if in welcome. In renitry, the soft sweet beauty of her has entered into him and stricken him dumb. The lamps are shiping upon her starry eyes, her red payled lips, her face so like a flower. The dainty, shy glance, that half bespeaks the praise and half decries it; the lovely kissable mouth, that would fain tay, "Am I not good to look at, dear, my love?" yet dreads to say it; the bent, yet proud little head, the tender, longing smile, all appeal to him. His hand closes upon hers. She is his at this moment, whatever other forforn times the years may hold for him and her, and with the eager hand clasp he leads her forward to where the lamps shine clearest—to where all may see how fair his love can be.

He turns to make some gay remark to Millicent, still holding Nadine's head

"Well?" she says then, addressing Mil-cent.

"He turns to make some gay remark to Millicent, still holding Nadine's hand, but a glance at Miss Grey's face checks him. She has grown positively livid. She was full of laughter just a minute ago, but now mirth has died from her and her lips are all set and stern, her color

her lips are all set and stern, her color ghastly.

"Take her, away—anywhere! Into the next room," she a ys in a tone of suppressed but passionate command to Duray. There is no need for him to ask to whom also alludes—her eyes are riveted upon Nadine's neek, where the supphire pendant is resting caluly. Duran, who is a man quiek to understand, seenting durger in the air for her he loves draws. Italine aside and presently takes her out of the room. A little too late, however.

Mrs. Brand too had seen and recognized the supplifies!

Mrs. Brand too had seen and recognized the supplifies!

The guests have all arrived, the ball is at its height. Yet still the here of it is absent. There is, however, a midnight train that will in all probability bring

him.

"It must. He has nover failed me yet,"

"It must. He has nover failed me yet,

saya Lady Valworth, with a rather wan
smile, who is feeling hurt and disappointed.

Millicent who has been going about with
a nervous distressed air all the night has
been recorded as a model flancee by all

Millicent, who has been going about with a nervous distressed air all the night has been regarded as a model flancee by all her world. Plainly, she is facting for her recreant lover. She has more feeling than they had given her credit for. She is not the heartless, soulless creature they had Imagined! Yet her thoughts have never wandered to Granit; they have been centered on the pretty, happy creature, who, with the stolen sapphires lying on her besom, has been plissfully unconscious of the gathering storm that is so soon to break upon her. Duran had made it a first care to learn the cause of Miss Grey's desire to getrid of Nadine as soon as her glance fell upon her in the ball room. What he had been told since by Millicent had led him at once to a knowledge of the truth. He was already aware of the suspicion about the diamond cross worn by Nadine the night before. It is now impossible to him to disbelieve but that this lover of Nadine's—this Paul Annerley—had something to do with the robberies both of the diamonds from Valworth, and the famous sopphires from Park lanc. If this be

"Who gave this cross to her?" asks Millicent suddenly, if a little coldly. The lovely form that gazes back at her. Once more she would be beautiful: Once more she would be beautiful: Once more she would be pleasant in his eye. Itis! In comparison with whom all thought suggests itself and takes root citter a dupe or a swindler."

"A dupe, most probably. He may, however, be of use to us in the discovery to be discovery to be used to us in the discovery to be discovered by the discovery to be discovered by the discovery to be discovered by the discovered by the light of the light of citters a dupe or a swindler."

Toulight her gown is blue. A pale electrically the compelled to fly from the face of the law, and she will be compelled to fly from the face of the law, and she will be left behind for him—Duran—and for love!

But then the shame to her! awakening to the sorrow of her h

infany. Sooner or later it must be told to her, but should the task be left to rude tongues who had no love for her? A thousand times no. Be the man falsely suspected, or be he in reality the one who has stolen the jewels, it is impossible that Nadine should be left to learn of the suspicion resting upon him from strangers. He-will tell her.

He has led ber also a small conservatory leftling of the tea room, which, heing rather justic, has been deserted by these hearth, is quite convent of the room outside, and Duran, as Nadine sinks upon a low couch, seats himself beside her.

A dim lamp, shaded to a subdued pink, sheds a warm but indistinct light around. The perfume of the dving rease illis the air. From far away the must come to them—rising, falling, awelling, fainting, until all the night seems full of it.

Nadine, stooping toward him, lays her hand on his.

"You are troubled?" she sage, softly,

of it.

Nadine, stooping toward him, lays her hand on his.

"You are troubled?" she says, softly.
"I can see it in your eyes. Something is making you sorry."

Her eves, deep and brilliant as atars, are looking mournfully into his. He possesses himself of the hand she had held out to him, believing him in trouble, and holds it fast.

"It is true. There is perplexity in my heart, and a suspicion of coming sorrow, but it is for you." he arms ers, gently.

"For nuc!" A little startled look creeps into her lovely fage.

"Tell me—tell me exactly, says Duran, leaning forward as that he can see her face more clearly; 'ttell me, for your own sake, how you became the possessor of that samphire heart that lies upon you neek.

"What a strange question!" eries, she

that sapphire heart that hes upon your neels.

"What a strange question," cries she, palling, "It was given me—it was a present from Paul Annerley.

"And the diamond cross you were last night—he gave you that also?

"Yes, he gave me both. She has grown very white, and her large eyes are filled with a painful uncertainty. "Why do you quoutlou me about them?" she says.
"Is it strange that I should have such pretty things! I did not want them—I do not care for them. But why is it strange?"

"The strangeness does not lie in your The strangeness does not lie in

he atrangeness does not He in your having them," returns Duran, still holding her head fast, though she had tried to take it from him. "It lies in the fact that this Paul Annerley gave them to you." Whore did he get them?"

"Whore did he get them?"

Ah! explain yourself!" implores she, rising to her feet and drawing back from him. "Your face, your voice, betray you! There is something tecrible yet to be said. Say it!"

"There is this," ways Duran, rising also. "The damond cross you were last night water sheet from 1.2-by Yalworth; the sapplifies you wear to-night are part of the sapplifies you wear to-night are part of the sapplifies set that was taken from Miss Grey in Park lane!"

Advice to Parents.

honest labor the drawback must continue.

Young men will be taught law who would probably excel anking the calf which covers the book which they study; others will wield the scalpel with lands that neight betray more cunning in forging the steel from which it in made; some will keep accounts of goods sold who instead should employ themselves in mailing the boxes in which they are able patents offered for sale—can be who instead should employ themselves in mailing the boxes in which they are packed. Fitness will not be considered. The only sim will be to make a gentled living by doing as little work as possible. The sconer parents awake to the fact that the best they can do by their sens is to cause them to learn a trade the better for the country. Unless a boy displays an expecial aptitude for one of the learned professions he should be put at something else. Application may be an excellent substitute for genius, but it will be found that when the two are combined the possions the two are combined the possions of the former has but it will be found that when the two are combined the possions of the former has but a poor show in the race with his goubly armed rival. Clerking, too, is overdone, and it is a poor nechanic indeed that does not derive more comfort from his wages than the illy-paid clerk who is compelled to spend all he earns on dress. Taking it all in all, we may advise, by pfraphrasing shakespeare, and say a trade's the thing. Reflection will convince that we are not far out of the way in saying so.—Boston Budget.

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State or County Rights at very roas is to compelled to spend all he earns on dress. Taking it all in all, we may a trade's the thing. Reflection will convince that we are not far out of the way in saying so.—Boston Budget.

Along the shores of Norway.

In sailing along the shore you constantly see large churches placed close to the water with no population around them and no reads leading to them. A little observation, particularly on Sunday, shows you that they are placed at such positions that the peasants can come to them by boat, and they frequently come from long distances. Near some of the churches there are houses vacant except on Saturdays or Sundays, when the peasants come there and occupy them. Occasionally you see a picturesque marriage party on their way to one of these churches in boats, shooting off guns as they pare along. It is a little curious that even way up to the North Cape you find mosquitoes, and at times they are very annoying; so much so that all the guide books advise travelers to take mosquito nets with them, but I did not happen to find that necessary. From the North Cape, or from within a few miles of it, I amused myself by cabling to America, and subsequently learned that my dispatch was received earlier in point of time them at the hour it was sent.—Col. George Bliss in New York Times.

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The main building for the American
exhibition is London next year will be
constructed of steel railroad rails, and it

constructed of steel railroad rails, and it is thought that this plan solves the roblem of creeting fireproof temporary buildings with the utmost speed and at the least cost.—Chicago Times.

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#### Bright's Disease

is prevented. Ayer's Sarsaparlila also prevents inflammation of the kidneys, and other disorders of these organs. Mrs. Jas. W. Weld, Forest Hill st., Jamalea Plain, Mass. Writer. U. Lawrence. W. Weld, Forest Hill Rt., Jamaica Flair, Mass., writes: "I have had a complica-tion of diseases, but my greatest trouble has been with my kidneys. Four bottles of Ayer's Sarsaparilla made me feel like a new person; as well and strong as ever." W. M. McDonski, 46 Summer at., Boston, Mass., had been troubled for years with Kidney Complaint. By the use of Ayer's Sarsaparilla, he not only

#### Prevented

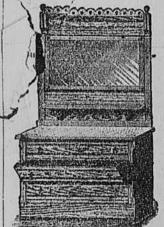
but were restored to perfect health. John McLellan, cor. Bridge and Third sta., Lowell, Mass., writes: "For several years I suffered from Dyspepsla and Kilney Complaint, the latter being so severe at times that I could scarcely attend to my work. My appetite was poor, and I was much emsclated; but by using

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